

**XXX
DEEP**

THE SEXXXIEST WOMEN EXPOSED

RIA

20+

30+, MILF PRESENTS

**Naughty
Newcummer**

PG 42

NATALIE
Backdoor Babe

GORGEOUS XXX BABES

PG 56

OLIVIA
"I Need To Cum"

ADULTS ONLY
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CHLOE
MAKING IT
STRAIGHT
TO THE TOP

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04



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30



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Capri

No Room to Be Single

Capri'd grown up in a family with 6 kids, so she'd quickly gotten used to the concept of sharing, though a girl can only be so generous. As soon as she hit 18, she had her bags packed and was out the door, ready to try some individualized living. Turns out that when you're used to tumbling about a house filled with people, the single-living life leaves something to be desired, so Capri was ready to downsize her spread and look for some roommates, if for no other reason than it would provide some warm-bodied companionship. Turns out that it provided more than companionship, as it was also an excellent opportunity to find people to share her bed, as well as the bills.





Capri didn't get hung up on gender, both boys and girls satisfying the "warm body" requirement, and over the ensuing couple of years, she's had her fair share of both, a considerate flat-mate in every sense of the word.



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Capri figures that she won't be able to pull off this lifestyle forever, so why not make the most of her carefree, single years? And what better way than a ready-made fuck-buddy in the next room.





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Given the fact that she was never used to having privacy, Capri's concept of communal living is just that - communal - especially when it involves shared activities like the public plugging of her holes.







Fortunately, she likes to keep the scene
mixed so she doesn't get bored.
Are you next on her list?

800-308-5347



Chloe

Failure Wasn't an Option

Though Chloe'd never been an exceptional student, she'd at least been able to eke out passing grades - that is until the last semester of her senior year. Though she'd been in a sorority all 4 years, she'd somehow been able to balance her partying with her studying. Not so that final semester. She just couldn't seem to say no to opportunities to have crazy fun, and her grades suffered as a result - one grade in particular. Faced with the option of summer school and delayed graduation, Chloe'd have to apply herself if she hoped to make it down the aisle with her sisters.







Summer school just wasn't an option. Over the last 4 years, she'd been planning for this last few months of freedom, and nothing, short of a cosmic disaster, was going to keep her from living it up, one last time. She needed to devise an alternate strategy.

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That “alternate strategy” came in the form of one of her classmates, who was actually in the habit of applying himself academically. The first thing he taught her was the meaning of quid-pro-quo.





While he had no misconceptions about Chloe's intentions, he could also recognize a good opportunity when he saw it. Chloe was desperate and there are plenty of things a guy can do with a desperate girl. You can bet he made sure he did each and every one.





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With her future on the line, Chloe didn't even consider refusing his demands. It's not as if she had been a virgin, so as she saw it, all this dirty, hot sex was an additional bonus. She was getting exactly what she wanted, every which way imaginable, with plenty of party time to spare.







Sucking it up and making the grade
turned out to be easier than she could
have imagined. Thing is, she's thinking
about grad school now - with lots of
help, of course.

Are you up for the challenge?

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If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

It was all my stupid fuckin' husband's fault. And now he's made his bed, he's got to lie in it.

Dave wasn't a bad fuck – not great, but knew how to bring me off, but the world's greatest lover he's not.

So, while he wasn't the most exciting romp in the hay, or swing in the sack, he was a good provider. He makes a lot of money on Wall Street, so much, in fact, I think it must be illegal.

And that made him OK, but not indispensable. I'm a big girl now—I'm 32, and I know how to look after myself. So, like I said, it was his fuckin' fault.

I explained the situation to my friend, Elise, over lunch at Romano's, which is one of those over-priced eateries that spring up all over Manhattan and become like comets. For the first five or six weeks, you can't swing a cat in there. Then there's another "in" joint on the map and places like Romano's practically beg you to park your ass and eat there.

"Unburden yourself," said Elise, "you've been dying to since the first fuckin' dry martini."

I finished off my glass of chardonnay and signalled to the waiter to bring another bottle. "Fuckin' Dave wants me to take part in a threesome," I almost hissed at Elise, who runs a downtown bookstore.

"Yeah, and since it was his idea, it'll be two other guys and him?" snorted Elise, sarcastically.

"Precisely," I snapped. "Me and some bimbo he's hand-picked from the pages of 'Whores I'd Like to Fuck,' more like. Why do guys never suggest a threesome with two guys?"

"Because the sight of their woman making out with another woman satisfies some dark, mysterious need in them," said Elise, pushing her plate away.

"Some dark, mysterious perversion, you mean," I said.

Elise smiled. "So whatcha gonna do, baby?" in what I think she thinks is street-smart talk.

"I'm going along with his creepy desires," I told her. "That way, I can bring it up as evidence when I dump the bastard."



HOW ABOUT A THREESOME?

Elise laughed. "Can I hide in the wardrobe with my camera and tape recorder?"

I grinned, feeling happier now I'd "unburdened" myself, as she had put it. "Why, you wanna watch too?"

"To be honest," she said, "I'm not particularly keen on that husband of yours, he's far too conceited for my book. But the lady he has chosen – that's another matter."

"Elise!" I said, shocked. "I didn't know you were that way."

"Oh, still waters run deep, darling," she smiled. "Report back and we'll discuss it over lunch."

I promised I would, so here's my report.

For starters, he booked us all into a plush Manhattan hotel. It was me, him and a kid. I'm not kidding; the lady he'd talked, or bought, into participating in the threesome was dressed up like a teenager.

We picked her up on 5th Avenue outside a large apartment store and she was wearing white socks to her knees, sensible little shoes, a skirt that was possibly a little short, and a white shirt and red blazer. Her hair was in pigtails.

"This is Lucy," said Dave, as the girl climbed into the

back of our Lexus. "Lucy, this is Monique."

Lucy giggled. "Hi," she said, and I turned and looked closer at her as Dave steered into the mid-afternoon chaos that's Manhattan.

She was very, very pretty, with lovely brown hair, dark brown eyes and the blazer could not hide the fact that she was stacked in the titty department. She had crossed her legs, revealing strong, tanned thighs.

I know it sounds silly, but I liked the look of her. "Hi, Lucy," I said, "ever done anything like this before?"

And she giggled again. "Well, not looking this young, at least," she said, and I picked up pretty quickly that she wasn't stupid.

We checked into the hotel, a flunky put the Lexus wherever hotels hide guests' cars, another took the two suitcases Dave had brought, and we went up to the suite. There was already an ice bucket with two bottles of Dom Perignon chilling in it. I'll say one thing for my cunt of a husband – he doesn't stint on the booze!

"Why don't you two get started?" said Dave. "I have to take a shower."

When I was naked and sitting up on the bed, Lucy, who took longer to get out of her clothes than me, looked over, smiled and said, "Nice tits!"

Then she was naked too, and if I thought my tits were nice, well, hers were sensational. They were a bit bigger than mine, full and firm, and she didn't need a bra – the bitch!

Her nipples were big, brown and erect. The areolae were large, sort of puffed up. I wanted to kiss them.

Then I looked at her pussy. She shaved her pubic hair back to a narrow, dark strip. She had thick, ripe-looking labia. I wanted to kiss them, too.

"Wow, Lucy," I said, as she climbed onto the bed and knelt in front of me, cupping her big boobs, "they're great tits for someone as young as you!"

Lucy grinned, then pulled my mouth down to her mammaries and I kissed and suckled them. Just as I was beginning to realize what I'd been missing, Lucy pushed me onto my back, and then she was at my pussy.

I've always been a fan of cunnilingus, but it's always been a man before. Fuck, had I been missing something!

Lucy was superb in the mouth, lips and tongue delivery to my pussy. I had been nervous coming up to the suite in the elevator, but now I was starting to sob sex juice and Lucy was lapping it up!

I was lying back and loving it, when Dave arrived. He was freshly showered and shaved and he had an erection — it's nothing to write home about, just six inches or so, but it looked all right.

As Lucy licked away at my pussy, Dave knelt by my side and pressed his pre-cum dripping knob at my mouth. I cupped his balls with one hand and steered his prick into my mouth with the other and started sucking. I'd not sucked his cock for ages, and to be honest, I was more interested in what Lucy was doing than fellating my fuckin' whore of a husband, but I did my best.

Soon, I had an excuse to pull off my old man's dick. Lucy's wonderful work had brought me to the brink of climax and I pulled away from Dave's hard-on and panted, "Fuck, Lucy, I'm cumming, lick me, lick me, Lucy!"

Lucy licked and soon the gorgeous little minx had me over the edge and tumbling down to a yelling, sobbing, crying orgasm. I had hardly stopped my moaning, than Dave was on the girl, who was still kissing my pussy, gently, as I came back to down to earth.

He leapt behind her beautiful butt and then slid into her. She made no comment, just kept licking at me and I looked at Dave. He had a silly, far-away grin on his face and then, in no more than a minute, he pulled his prick from Lucy's cunt and waved it above her buttocks before splashing them with creamy wads of his jizz.

Then I made a decision. If I was going to be involved in a threesome, it was going to be on my terms. "Dave," I said, in my no-nonsense tone, "Lucy and I are going to shower now. You will pour the Dom and order toasted sandwiches from room service."

To my amazement — he was paying for this little affair, after all — Dave nodded "Sure, darl" — and Lucy and I escaped into the bathroom. It wasn't exactly huge, but it was bigger than a lot of people's lounges. I locked the door.

After starting the 12-jet spray shower, I took Lucy by the hand and kissed her softly on her mouth. Her lips tasted of me, and it was a taste I didn't mind in the slightest.

"Now, before we get all wet in there, let me get you all wet down there," I whispered, just in case Dave was at door, trying to eavesdrop.

Lucy smiled. "I'm already wet, silly," she said. "I got wet just by going down on you. Please, bring me off."

I went down and pushed her thighs apart — well, she spread them, actually — and put my hands on her beautiful butt. Dave's cum was still there, and I rubbed it into her flesh as I inhaled her gloriously musky scent, before making my first-ever foray to a woman's pussy.

Lucy tasted just great — exactly as wonderful as I'd often fantasized while playing with myself and jerking off to woman-on-woman sex masturbation games. She moved gently against me and moaned as I licked at her. I honestly didn't know what I was doing, but it all seemed to come naturally, and I knew where her clit was. She soon came on my mouth.

Before we showered, I found a radio system on the wall and turned it on to some jazz station. The noise and the crashing of the shower jets would hide our conversation.

In the shower — and by now Lucy had untied her pig-tails — I asked her, "Where did my asshole of a husband find you?"

Lucy smiled. "I work for an escort agency," she said.

"What's he paying you?" I asked.

"A thousand bucks, and that gets me until midnight. Why?"

I kissed her on the mouth, pushing my tongue against hers. "What would you charge me?" I asked, running a soapy hand against her lovely minge.

"Get me on a day off and I'd be free," she said, kissing me back, hotly.

"Call the Dipsy Doodle agency tomorrow and leave a message — leave it in the name of 'Mom'," she grinned.

Later, we sipped on Dom, ate toasted tuna sandwiches, and Dave wanked himself silly while Lucy and I made love again. Lucy checked out at midnight, Dave and I woke at 8 AM, had breakfast in bed and we left, going our separate ways.

The previous night's antics were not discussed. The bastard didn't even ask me if I'd enjoyed myself. Dave went to his office, I went to our apartment and called my lawyer to tell him to start working on divorce papers.

Then I dialled the Dipsy Doodle agency. "I'm calling for

Lucy," I told them. "Get her to call Mom." My mobile rang later that morning. "Hi, Mom," said a voice I now knew very well. "I'm free today. Geddit?"

I did, indeed. I gave Lucy the address of our apartment building and she was there by midday. This time, there was no little skirt, white sox, red blazer or pigtails.

Lucy was a knockout — black slacks, which moulded tightly against her glorious buttocks, and a black jacket. The buttons were left to reveal mouth-watering cleavage. I wanted her immediately. I was only wearing a slinky little black satin slip, so she didn't have much to remove.

After I was naked, save for my slip-ons, Lucy removed her jacket. She was wearing a black, PVC quarter-cup bra, which pushed her wonderful titties into exaggerated uplift. I ran my tongue from one erect nipple to the other. I inhaled traces of an expensive perfume.

Then I slid her trousers down, and found she wasn't wearing any panties — the gorgeous little slut!

I knelt and sucked and slathered at her lovely crotch, but after she had kicked the trousers away, she pulled me to my feet and led the way into the bedroom. I fell back on the bed and Lucy took charge, licking and laving me to another wonderful orgasm.

Then it was my turn to play kiss-the-pussy, and soon she came. Then we sat up in bed and Lucy kissed me. "Nice, eh?" she said. "Wanna see more of me?"

I laughed. "Is that physically possible, you glorious creature?"

"What's the story with you and Mr. Moneybags?" she asked.

"I'm divorcing him," I said. "This apartment is mine in the pre-nup, so he will be moving out as soon as my lawyer serves the asshole."

Lucy kissed me again. "And I'm moving in?" she asked. "If you want," I said.

"Sure," she said. "I might even give up my job at Dipsy Doodle's. After all, I've saved around one hundred grand."

And that's the report I gave Elise over lunch about the new love of my life, Lucy Larkin, 23, former escort agency employee, now live-in-lover of yours truly.

Lucy joined us later and we ordered champagne — Dom Perignon, obviously — to celebrate my newfound freedom.

Lunch was at The Pigeon's Loft, a nice new restaurant down in the Village.

Romano's? Oh, that's so last week!

-Anthony Potter



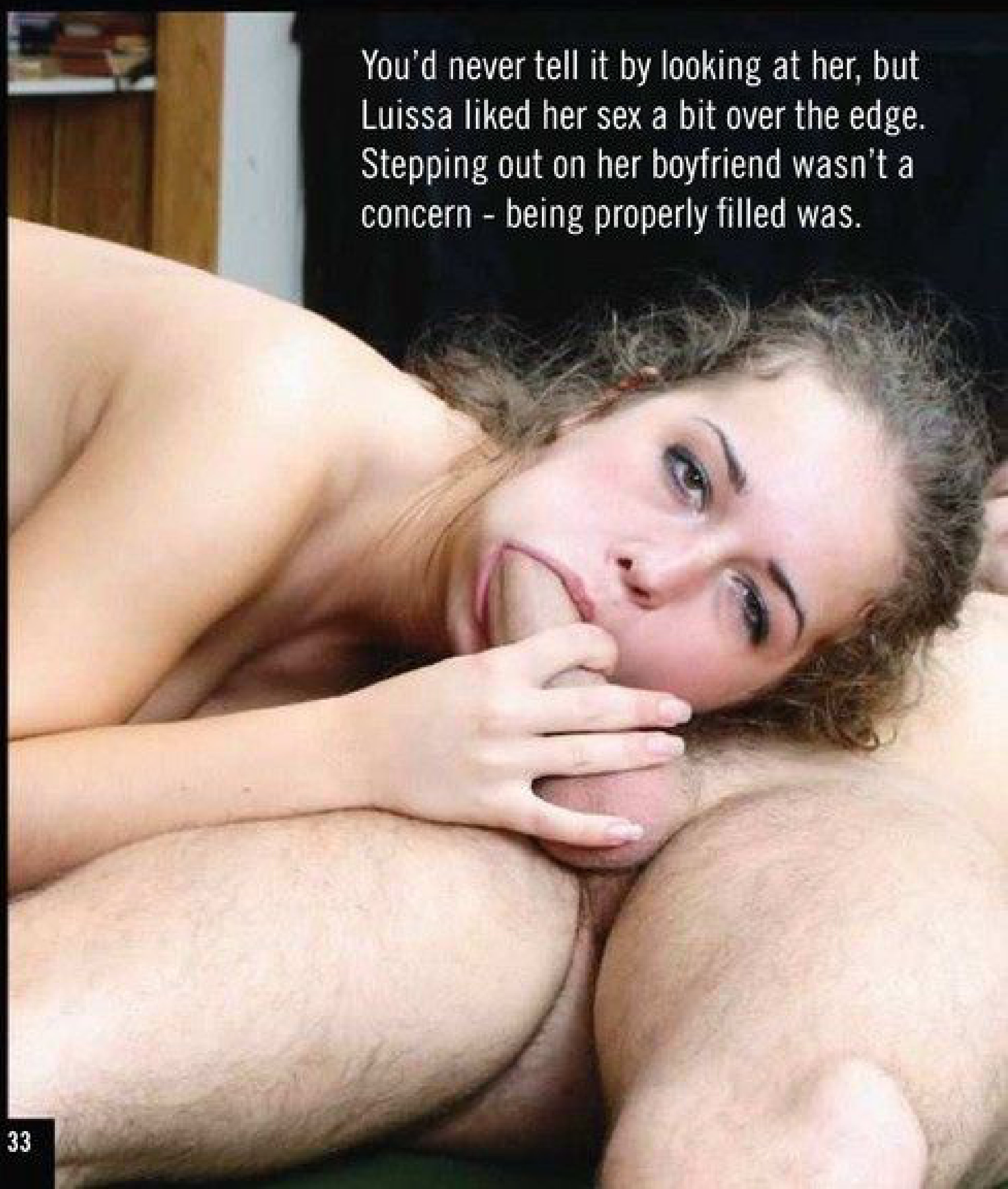
Luisa

Living it Up Before it's Too Late

Luisa was getting married. She didn't quite know how she'd gotten herself into this predicament, but with less than a month to go before she became a Mrs., backing out of the deal was out of the question. She'd been with her fiancé for 5 years, so marriage had just seemed like the next logical step - to him, at least. Luisa had her own reservations, but her friends and family were so excited she didn't want to spoil it all with her cold feet. She was fairly certain that she loved him, but they definitely lacked chemistry. Sex was mediocre, at best, definitely not orgasmic. With years of yawnable action to look forward to, she figured she deserved a few last, desperate flings.







You'd never tell it by looking at her, but Luissa liked her sex a bit over the edge. Stepping out on her boyfriend wasn't a concern - being properly filled was.





A young woman with curly hair is posing on a wooden railing. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a black top. In the background, a military aircraft is suspended from the ceiling. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

When faced with impending matrimonial doom, there's little incentive to play it safe. If this was her last chance to shine, she was going to go out with a bang - or, at least, plenty of banging.



A photograph of a woman with long, curly brown hair, smiling and looking towards the camera. She is nude and leaning against a dark wooden table. A man's legs and arms are visible, penetrating her from behind. The man is wearing white socks. The room has a red carpet and a framed picture on the wall.

She'd never thought she'd settle down so young, especially as she'd had a tendency to flit from bed to bed. Her cunt craved all sorts of different cocks and she wasn't used to refusing its demands. Definitely not now.

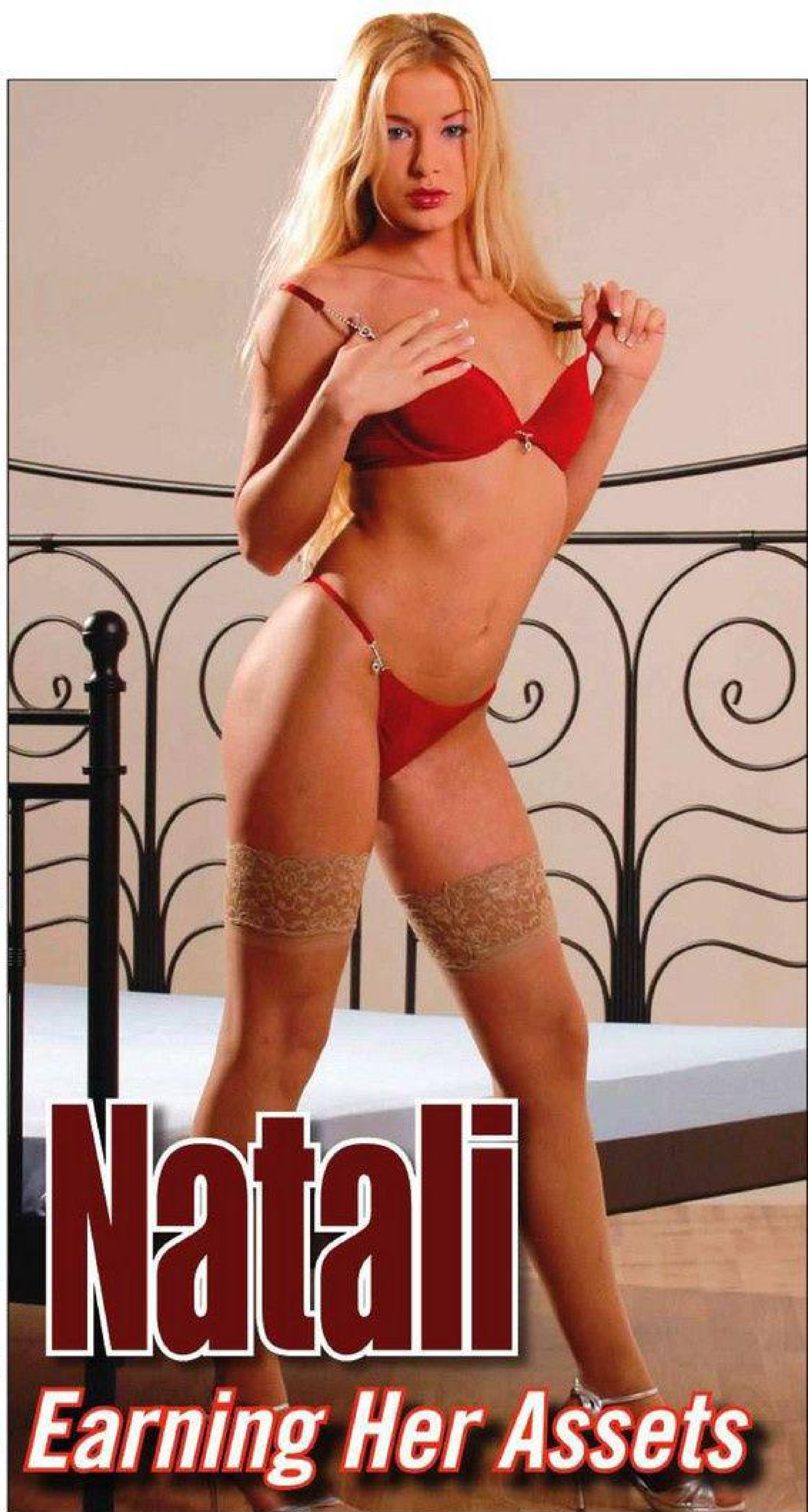






Care to be Luissa's last fling of freedom?

800-495-7588



No one, not even Natali, herself, can deny that she has a hot body. With long legs and ample curves, she is pretty much perfect. The thing that really bugs her, though, is that it seems like she was short-changed in the tit department. She's got boobs, to be sure, only 3 sizes too small. Her sister, on the other hand, has a rack you can set books on, which has always been a sore spot and source of continual jealousy. Natali knows that if she is ever to be happy with herself, she's got to boost her proportions, as well as her confidence.







The only problem is that improving on what nature has given costs money. Money which Natali definitely doesn't have. If she intends to become the busty babe of her fantasies, she's gotta come up with some serious scratch.





She's still got plenty of bargaining power though, and with this saving incentive, she's more than usually enthusiastic. While she wouldn't say that she's whoring herself out, she definitely won't decline some cash-laced nooky.





She was amazed at what some guys were willing to shell out for a shot at her juicy slit - with purely altruistic motives, of course.



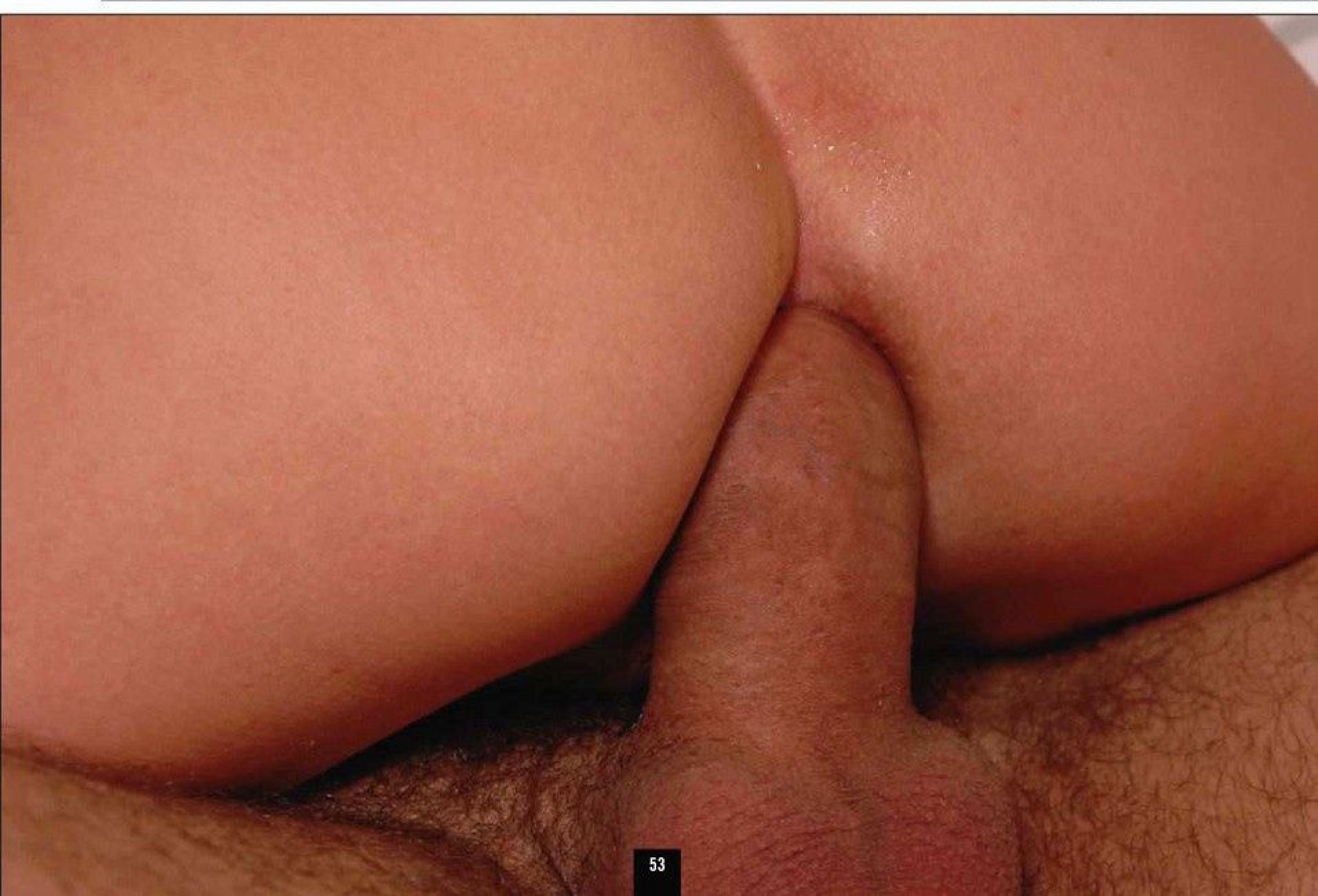
It didn't take Natali long to realize that certain privileges merit greater compensation. While she had never been terribly fond of anal, for the right price, she'd let anything go.





There are worse ways to bulk up
the bank and, admittedly, she
was having the time of her life.









Another cum closer to her goal. Feel like helping a girl
get what she wants?

888-826-5477

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Marcie and her girlfriend had been having trouble for some time. Though she loved Celeste, Marcie knew that she could be a jealous and overbearing bitch. She hated the fact that Marcie worked at a bar and made a habit of spending hours on a stool, watching her every move. If ever there was a cock-blocking bitch, Celeste was it.

The last time a guy tried to slip Marcie his number, Celeste exploded and used her fists to prove that she was butch in more ways than one. This was the last straw for Marcie. Enough was enough.

Marcie

Choosing Her Own Way



The poor guy hadn't even seen it coming, and was far from seeing clearly when Celeste had been drug off of him. It was up to Marcie to make rid him of his double-vision.







It had been a very long time since she'd seen her last cock - longer than she would have liked. A sympathy fuck was just a convenient excuse to swing straight.







Given Celeste's aggressive nature, Marcie was definitely used to having things rammed up her holes, though a real schlong was so much better than the accustomed silicone facsimiles.





With Marcie's help, this guy has definitely forgotten about his shiners. This type of polishing is much more to his liking.

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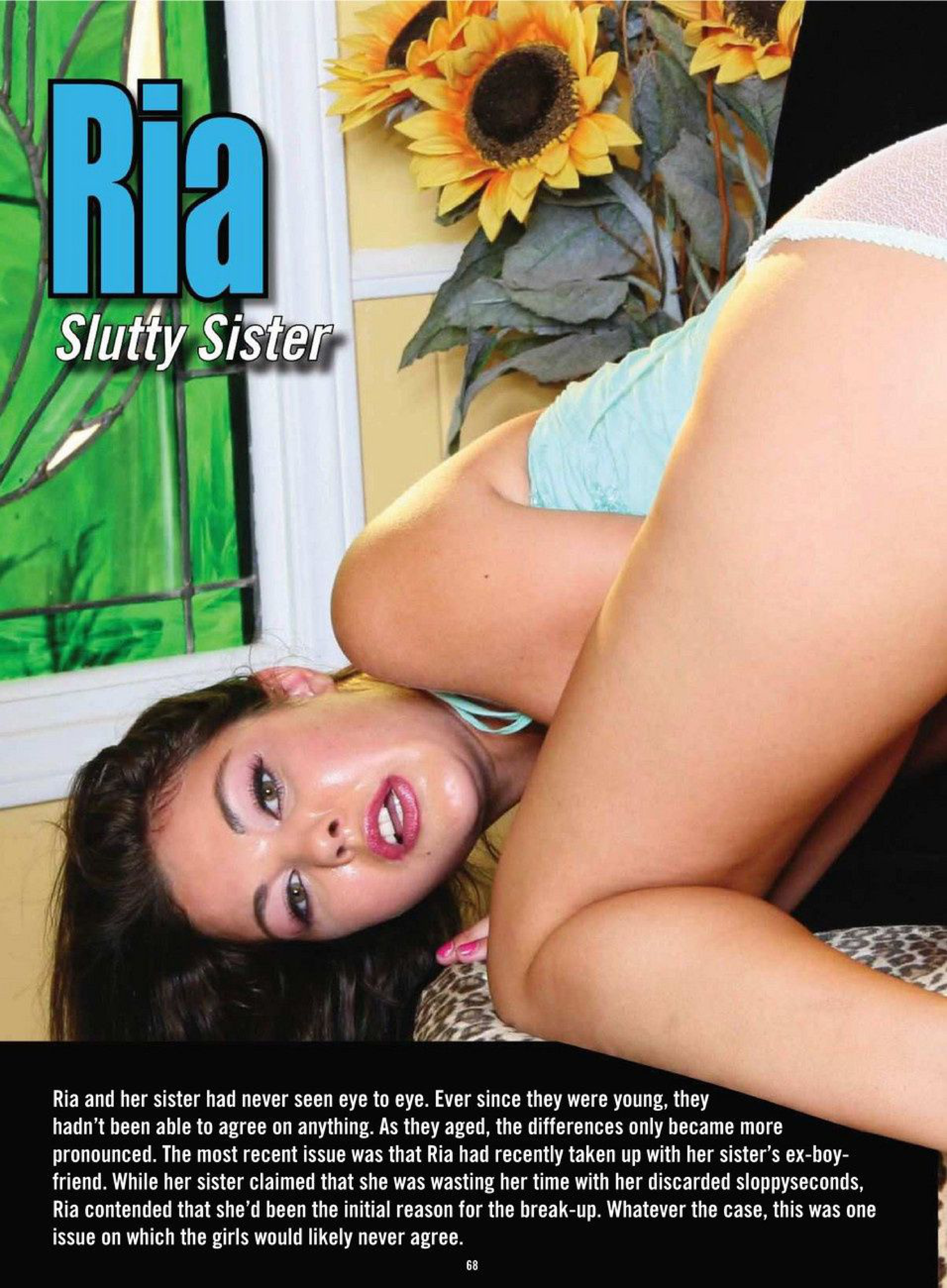




This girl definitely knows how to
dole out the TLC, though next time,
there's a good chance she'll bring a
friend. Feel lucky?

888-833-5878





Ria

Slutty Sister

Ria and her sister had never seen eye to eye. Ever since they were young, they hadn't been able to agree on anything. As they aged, the differences only became more pronounced. The most recent issue was that Ria had recently taken up with her sister's ex-boyfriend. While her sister claimed that she was wasting her time with her discarded sloppyseconds, Ria contended that she'd been the initial reason for the break-up. Whatever the case, this was one issue on which the girls would likely never agree.







Ria contended that it happened right under her sister's nose. Admittedly, she could be a huge flirt and liked attention. There were few guys she met on whom she didn't use her charm.





Though she had no trouble snagging her own men, she'd always thought her sister had excellent taste. It worked to her advantage that many guys like to upgrade to younger and hotter models.







From the first time she accidentally walked in on Jake schtubbing her sis, she was determined to have some of that for herself.







He definitely knew what he was doing and Ria gave him every opportunity to impress her - over and over again.



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Thing is, her sis has found a new man and the thrill's worn a little thing for Ria. Soon enough, she'll be on the prowl and planning her next conquest. Might it be you?

888-848-7855



Smokie





A Strange Turn of Affairs

Smokie was in a rut and she needed something to change. She'd always played it safe and lived responsibly, which is exactly why she found herself, 25-years-old, bored out of her mind with nothing to show for all her trouble. She had decided to do something completely out of character to break the cycle - she decided to have an affair. But this wasn't just any affair, this was with a prominent member of the city council, who also happened to be a woman. For Smokie, nothing could have been more atypical, and it actually seemed to be working. She was enjoying herself... that is, until her lover's husband found out.





To say that he was livid would be an understatement. He didn't like the fact that his wife had been making a fool out of him and was determined to have his revenge - with the object of his wife's affections.

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Caught up in the middle of what could explode into a major scandal, Smokie had few options when it came to rebuffing the cuckold's advances. Not that she minded this new shift of opportunities.





And actually, once he got his initial anger out of the way, he turned into quite a considerate partner. Smokie couldn't believe his wife hadn't been more appreciative of his talents.











He knew how to stuff and spread her just like she liked it. When he finished with her, she always had a satisfied burn that she just couldn't deny.



A changed woman, it doesn't seem as though
Smokie is in the mood to deny herself any-
thing. Do you have something she just can't
say no to?

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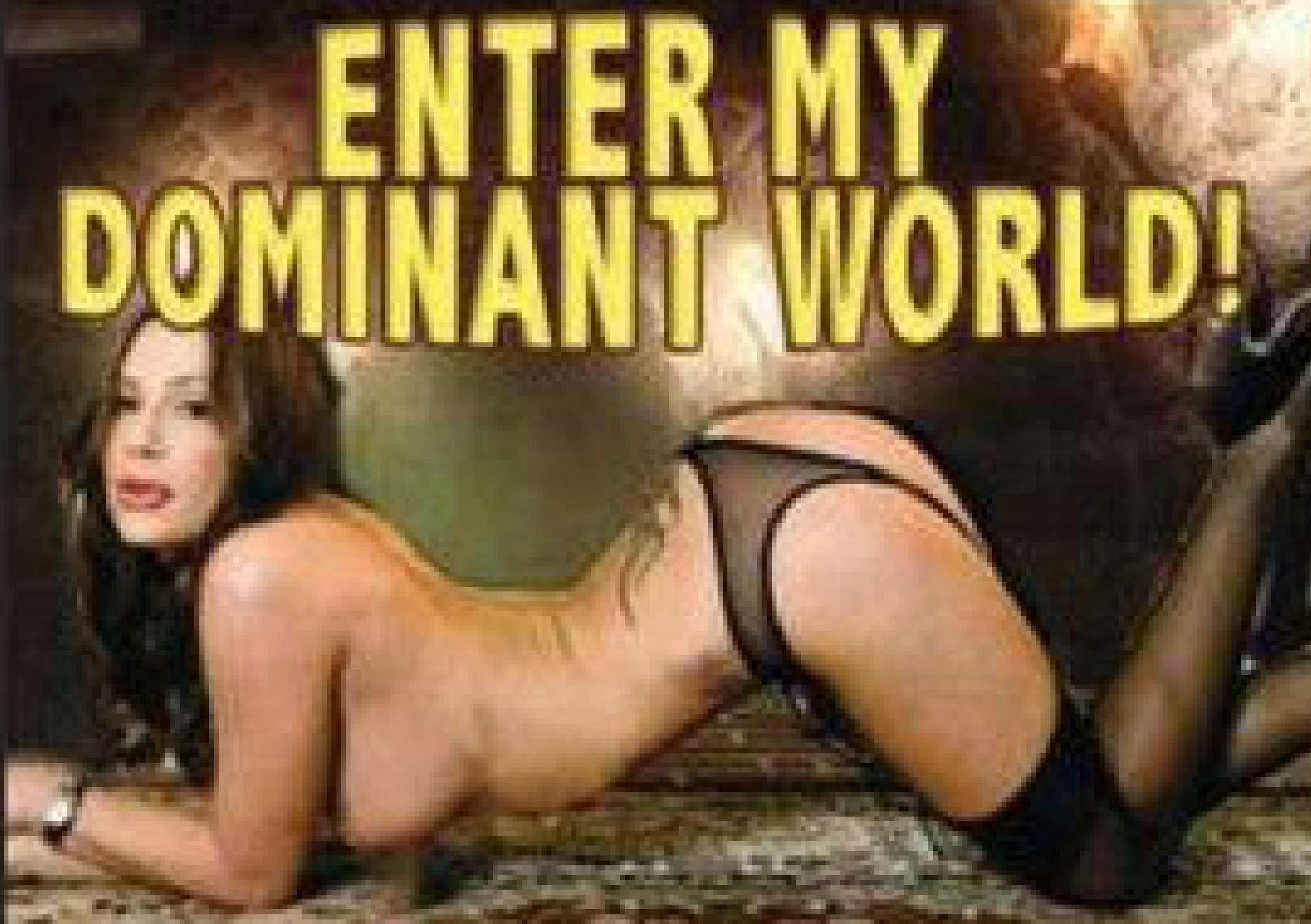
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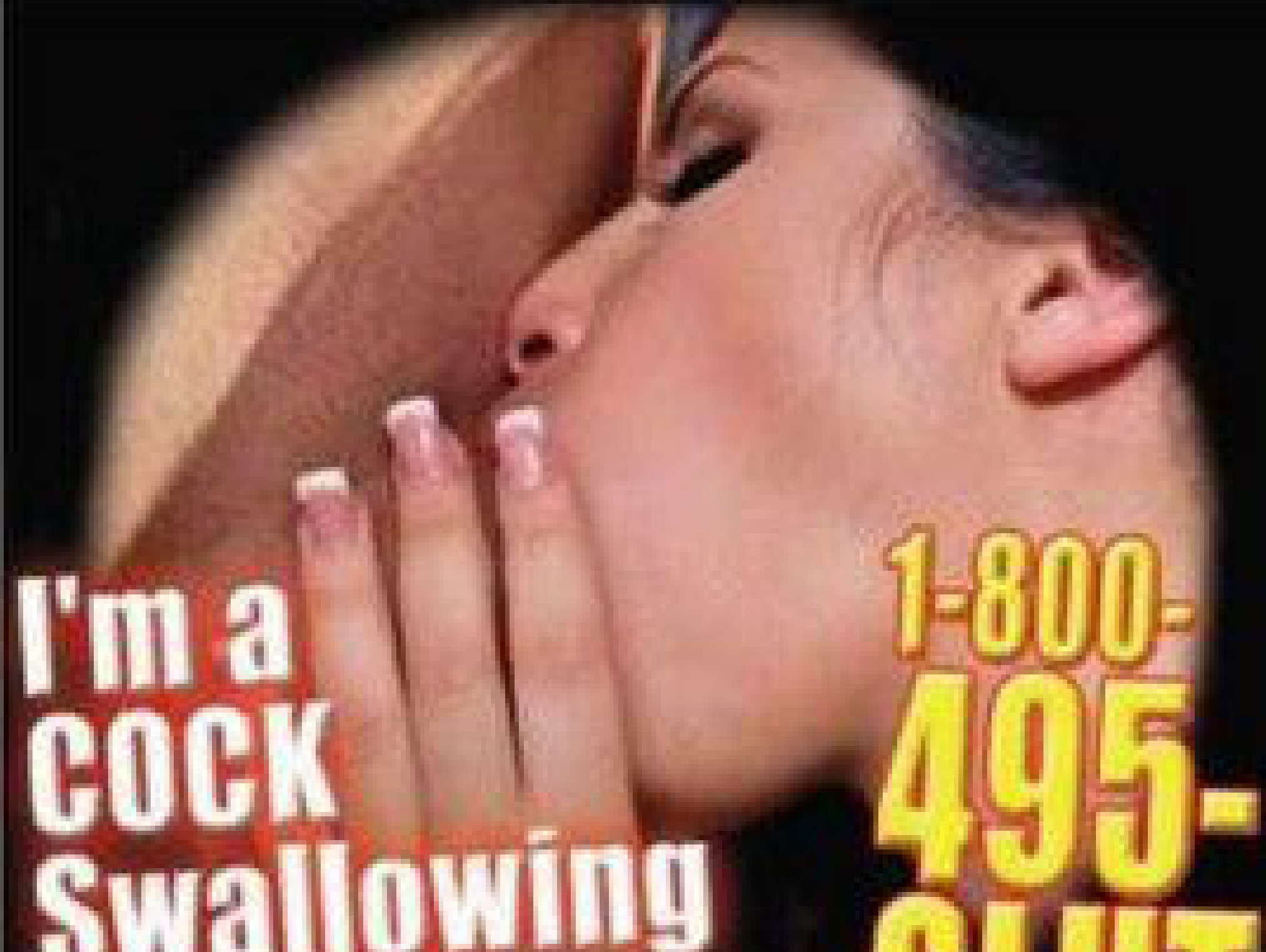
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